THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,
Corresponding Editor.

TO THE LILY PATRONS.

Dear Friends—This number closes the volume for this year. We issue it now during the holidays, to fill the place of the September 1 number, which we did not publish, on account of sickness in our family.

The past year has been one of solemn trial to us. It has been one long struggle—a year of unceasing labor and anxiety; murky clouds have never been out of our horizon; doubt and fear formed the background of our mental view; yet it has been proved to us that the darkest hour is not all dark, and that a cheerful, active mind, has no times when trust and hope do not whisper their silvery tones of strength and cheer. Onward, onward ever, has been painted in glowing and living figures upon the silver lining of the murky clouds, and the aid and sympathy of many friends, untiring in their self-sacrificing efforts, hsve bidden faith to be our ruling star. Although we were conscious of the influence of a few who would have been as well pleased to see the Lily die, who prophecied that it would do so because the new proprietor was young and timid, and fearful of the risk, and although monetary affairs were so embarrassed at the first of the year, and a large proportion of the funds received had to be "sold" at a heavy discount —yet we have been enabled to fulfill our contracts, though disappointed in some of our cherished hopes and plans. One that we most regret was our wish and intention to remunerate those who have so liberally sustained the paper with their writing. We know, and are in duty bound to say, that this was unsolicited—that the labor was a free will offering for woman's mental awakening and advancement. It was our *own* dearest hope that we could carry out to them the principle of good pay for good labor, not only because it was *right*, but because we could thereby enable many who could not otherwise procure books, and aids to study and improvement.

We still hold the same hope and intention for the next year, and if we are again disappointed, those who may write for the Lily, will still have the reward of aiding in correcting wrongs that trample our plainest rights, and weave woman's character into such a pattern that non existence is the consequent and even avowedly desired result. And this work, in our view, is as truly missionary as any engaged in the world.

At this time you are busy making up clubs for the coming year; from many we have received already renewals, and lists of names. Accept our thanks. Our prospects are brighter, far enough, than they were one year ago. It is for you to say whether, through the next volume, we are to be pursued by burthening anxiety and care, compelling by force of will the tired energies to the work, or whether, with conscious security and independence, we can devote our labors to the manner and matter of the journal.

The experience of the past year, and the promise of the coming, unite to encourage us, and not small discouragements nor a few days of trial will make the hands droop, the spirits flag, nor faith to waver.

Temperance Notice.

It is with pleasure that we announce to the citizens of Richmond and vicinity that, on next Friday evening Mrs. Emma R. Coe will lecture in this place on the subject of Temperance.

All the friends of this cause will undoubtedly be glad to learn that this highly gifted, and eloquent lady is again going to visit us. And that at this important crisis in the State of Indiana, we shall have an opportunity of hearing the subject set forth in its appropriate light, by one who feels that her *own*, and the public good depends upon a proper consideration of this subject. For further particulars, see bills on the morning previous to the lecture.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At Rushville Ind., . . e a prompt and generous stranger friend, (S. A. H.) We send him thanks for his kindness.

L. L Conant Wis.,) writes us about the pleasure the Lily has afforded him and confesses to a desire to be one of the Lily aiders, though indeed he "don't favor Woman's Rights."

For The Lily.

OUR JOETTE;

A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt; Or, Record of the West.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

CONCLUDED.

Frederick English became the most wretched of men. He had led his own beautiful and talented boy into the ways of vice, and now, when in his better moments, he would have given worlds to save him. He had no power to check his mad career. He was tortured with the fear of exposure. Demons stood mocking him every where. His beautiful, high-minded, loving wife saw her possessions, the inheritance of her father and husband passing from her through his recklessness—she begged, she prayed; sometimes for a few weeks his resolves would seem to restrain him, and then come the burning desire, the temptation, the terrible agony that drove him to the cup for a temporary relief from the horrors of his own guilty soul. At last come the fearful hour—gambling, rioting, bad management had wasted all, or nearly all.—His wife and her girls became beggars, and the woman stung to madness deserted him. She died soon after of a Southern fever, and called upon her Spanish brother to avenge her terrible wrongs. Fearing the bowie knife and revolver, he fled, and among strangers, reduced almost to starvation and imbecility, a long sickness brought him back to reason; not to reason good and true, but to reason which aids the depraved mind in its rascality.

William had joined the army, so Fred resolved to go back to the banks of the M——, visit Sycamore Hall, throw himself a penitent at the feet of Juletta, and persuade her to allow shelter under her roof, and thus. under the law, become possessed, as her legal husband, to all his legal rights under the title.

It was some two or three years after the abrupt departure of William, and the terrible disrupture of family ties by the husbands of Mr. Somers' daughters, and of aunt Jerusha's incarceration as a maniac, all these evils growing out of unequal and unjust law: that Juletta was startled one evening by seeing the pale haggard face of a man looking through the drawn curtains of her bed room, where she sat at her evening work.

Instead of screaming or fainting, she walked resolutely to the window, and demanded of the still standing stranger, "what he wanted"

"Julette," said he, in the kind tones of old, "do you not know me; I am Frederick, your husband!"

We will not attempt the description of the meeting; it was to Juletta awful, terrible. She saw before her the husband of her youth, the father of her children, begging a night's lodging—begging to confess his sin, to see his children—weeping in agony, pale, jaded and worn, and seemingly ready to die. He told her he was wasted by consumption, and must soon pass away.

She knew nothing of law in such a case, nor did she think of it; she bade him come in.

He told her of his terrible trip down the river, of his crime at New Orleans, of killing a man in self-defence, which he represented as a misfortune, of his imprisonment for life, and of his release and pardon, because he had been so good, and because he so plead to die at home with his wife and children. He asked no favors of her as a wife—only let him die at home—to see his children, to be forgiven and to die.

She yielded, for not a thought flashed through her mind of the terrible plot his dark heart had laid for her ruin. To persuade her to live with him again, he well knew would give him a claim to all her property—for there was no law then that would secure to her her right of that willed to her—nor is there now a law to secure that which the wife earns during a husband's absence.

Juletta's heart was touched. She could not spurn the humble supplicant, She gave him a bed, wept by his side, and prayed that her heart might forget the past, but resolutely denied to him the privilege of coming back as to a permanent home, and uniting his destiny with hers. She told him she could not love him, and that it was wrong for him to ask to stand at the head of a household that had sustained itself through such long years of trial. But for many days he was too sick and feeble to leave his bed. His daughters saw him and nursed him—the news spread that he had come back to die. Days wore on, and all supposed that he would not leave the home of his wife and children, but to go to the grave. Every thing was done for his comfort. He told his sad story to his neighbors, and they pitied him, and felt that though he had deeply erred, still he should be forgiven, and friends advised the kind and gentle heart of woman, to join hands with him as a wife, and not let him die in such distress of mind.

Even Henry Somers, the best friend of the family, pleaded for one who seemed so broken and wretched, and yet so kind hearted; and at last the words of forgiveness were spoken, and his heart seemed set at rest—all had been a deep and artful deception.

Soon he began to recover; and health again returning, all went well for a few months, and then his resolution which had perhaps been to be good, and live with his family, as good as such a depraved nature could be.

That resolve was broken at an election festival. Urged for a speech—he was still the wit, the scholar, the eloquent ready speaker—he was tempted to lift the drowning cup to his lip. He was carried home drunken, and all was lost.

Day after day the tempter met him and he yielded, till ruin stared them all again in the face.

William had written to his mother, while he lay recovering from a broken leg gained in a skirmish with the Indians.

She had answered, telling him of his father's reform, of his long imprisonment and all, little dreaming that her boy knew darker secrets of his father than he had dared to tell.

The thoughtless boy told some of his comrades of his father's good luck in conquering his mother, "for now the old fellow would have o good home, if he did not take to drink again."

It was retold to one who was a creditor to the wretched man for some thousands—a note given for a debt of honor. Forthwith, an officer of the law was sent to M—, with all proper authority to collect the debt, and every cent of the earnings and gifts of her friends were taken away from the terrified and almost pallid woman, ere she scarce became fully aware of her fate.

Fred fled again—his mingled nature of good and evil made him ten fold more wretched than if he had been given over to hardness of heart, and a dose of laudanum ended his fitful career.

Juletta sunk under this last fearful blow, and laid many weeks a maniac. Coming slowly back to life under the soothing care of Joette, only to be plunged into a darker and deeper despair, by giving birth to a child wholly idiotic.

Oh! for language to paint the misery of soul that one bad man may make under the laws of our land—the misery that licensed intemperance may spread—the dark fearful crimes, the heart burning, the death, the entailment of disease, blighting the lives of all connected therewith.

But what of Mabel, beautiful, light-hearted, generous Mabel.

As Henry Somers was hurrying home, summoned by the death of his father, he took the steamer at Pittsburgh. Soon they were under weigh, but on the way over the swollen waters of the Ohio, then in a high stage, they noticed a group upon a bank waving the flag for them to round to for a passenger.

The signal was answered—the boat plowed majestically to the shore, which was a sodded bank at the top, the soft earth washed away below.—The plank was thrown out, and a beautiful girl, kissing her hand to her friends, and holding the hand of a gentleman behind him, and reaching forward to the extended arms before, and stepped upon the narrow board. The current was rushing wildly—the waters eddying like a whirlpool against the ribbed sides of the floating palace—the surging billows from her proud wake rolled up that moment upon the yielding soil, the bank gave way, and with a wild shriek both the young girl and the man went down into the waters below. The man was a good swimmer, and soon gained the shore, but the girl sunk. A wild cry was raised, and Henry Somers, waiting only to see her come to the top, plunged headlong in, and in a moment more bore his precious charge to the top of the wave, and was rescued by the crew. It was Mabel English returning to her friends from a short visit. She was carried into the cabin, or rather she walked there, for she was only frightened, not hurt. When she had changed her dress and recovered, she asked for her deliver, and earnestly desired to see him. Never did Mabel look more beautiful—her dark eyes were flashing with excitement, her cheeks glowing, and her whole face speaking gratitude, love and joy.

Thus was she brought face to face with Henry Somers, whom she had not seen for three years.—She recognized him in an instant, and with a cry of surprise, ond a bound of impulsive joy, she stretched out her arms and folding him in her earnest embrace exclaimed, "Henry Somers, my deliverer, God be praised."

The impulse was but a moment. He pressed her to his heart, for he saw at a look the features of Joette. He knew it must be Mabel. The pressure recalled her, and bursting into tears, she sought her state-room, ashamed of this, as she felt, unlady-like out-burst of a generous, grateful, loving heart.

Henry was enraptured. Joette, pleading for Mabel, came like soft music now to his ear. The rest of the passage was a heartfull pleasure, only broken when he thought of Joette, and her humble and deformed life. It seemed ignoble to love another while her quiet beauty so haunted him, but he spoke no word of love to Mabel. They reached home. Mabel was yet beautiful in face to him, but more deformed in figure; they met—alone—and she utterly refused to listen to words of love.

"No, no Henry—I am strong enough not to be selfish. I know you can and will love Mabel; she is all that you can ask in a wife. Every day of my life, since you left home, I have been impressing myself upon her, that she might be all that I am and more in her transcendant beauty and loveliness. Give me your hands in mine—let me kiss you with a sister's pure affection, and never talk of love.

Their hands were clasped, lip met lip, tear mingled with tear, and the heroic girl led him her to sister, put her hand in his, folded her arms around them both, and breathed forth a short and earnest aspiration that the God of love would bless them, and glided away to her duty, with a clear brow and smiling lip, and she had power, like the martyrs of old, to conquer every pang with the spirit of right. Oh how glorious, in this selfish world, are such natures. Henry and Mabel are married.

We will skip over six years Jerusha is still the poor monomaniac over whom Joette has entire care. Juletta is weak and cannot regain her strength—she will soon pass away. A little idiot child rolls over the floor, and the weary mother watches it with tearful eyes

"Oh! Joette, I would willingly die—but to leave you with such a care."

"Mother, dear mother," do not fear, nor borrow trouble—my heart is strong, and if this is my mission it is better than to be idle and useless. Little Anna, so feeble and helpless, may go even before you, my dear mother; and if she does not, I will feel that it is for the best as it is. So would she cheer all about her, penetrating the darkest heart with her goodness and her love.

We will pass over six years more.

Poor Juletta's crushed and bruised heart has found its rest. But Aunt Jerusha still lives, and the idiot child.

Mabel is the mother of three children, who share the daily love of Aunt Joette.

Henry is in the Legislature of the State, and with untiring efforts has succeeded in procuring the passage of a bill to give to woman a right to her own property.

But who has written those masterly articles that have so attracted attention signed with the simple letter J., no one knows. But there is one, as she sits watching the strange vagaries of Aunt Jerusha, crushed by the law, and the senseless movements of little Annie, the effect of the law and of man's crime, she has poured out her earnest thought for the right of woman to her own property; and her words have touched the hearts of men.

A few more years have passed on, and again the world wonders who writes the stirring temperance tales and poems that so move the hearts of men and women, which bear only the significant signature of "Victim." But Joette knows. Aunt Jerusha has gone home; but little Annie still looks up unmeaningly into her face, and pleads through her helplessness for the cause of Temperance.

But Annie, too, has gone; and Joette, relieved from her heavy care, seems to have no more to do, and when the Temperance Law was passed in Ohio, and the news come as she lay feeble on her bed, and they told her the good work was gone, she grew happy and cheerful. Though her breath was labored, and her form racked with pain, she sang her songs of rejoicing:

"My mission is ended, the victory won,
Oh! take me kind father, my work is all done."

On the breast of Mabel she fell asleep. No eye refused its tear in the village when they laid her in the dust. The young men and maidens planted flowers on her grave. and the whole people asked the privilege of raising a monument to her memory—a broken spire, hung with rose wreaths, inscribed with the simple and touching words:

OUR JOETTE,

WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.

For the Lily.

SCENES BY THE WAYSIDE.

A TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH.

By Mrs. M. A. Bronson.

"And you believe it Eva?"

"Yes, certainly I do. How could I help but believe her when she stood here so timidly, like a trembling fugitive, afraid to return to her hard-hearted master, and told me how he had abused her, and pounded her and the children. The drunken vagabond."

"Why, you seem unusually excited, Eva. Pray be calm and tell me what the woman said."

"She said just what every body says. That he whipped her to-day—that they are suffering for the necessaries of life, that Kent wont work only just long enough to get a shilling or two, and then, instead of spending it for his family, he will go and let Meechem and Sweetem have it for liquor, and come home far worse off than if he'd not done a stitch of work—and such a good shoe-maker, too."

"Yes, Eva," replied Mr. Sherman," Kent is a good workman. He might have been worth, to-day, as much as Post and Pelton are."

"But," said Mrs. Sherman, "if he would only just provide food for his family. How aggravating it is that the Drunkard never wants anything to eat himself, if he can only get his drink. I find that it's only when he can't get liquor enough that he comes home and abuses his wife because she has nothing for him to eat. Verily, if the drunkard's wife is not required to make brick without straw, who is? I declare I'm a good mind to go and stave in all the whisky barrels there are in the groceries in the village, and let their whole contents upon the ground, where it ought to have been long ago, instead of making so much trouble in families."

"Only think, now, Eva," said Mr. Sherman, what grand headway you would make staving in whisky barrels—you who can't move a box, lounge or table, without calling in Bridget to help you."

"You don't know, George Sherman, how much I could do if I were to try, so you need'nt laugh at my threats. There's more in them than you think for. Besides, I've reason to think I could get a trifle of help in this expedition. We women—yes sir, that's the word—we women are becoming perfectly exasperated. For one, I'm free to say I do not think that women were created to be kick

ed and cuffed about as though they were useless little puppies as Kent's little wife is, and still crouch and whine at the feet of their master."

"Well, Eva," replied Mr. Sherman, "I do begin to think you are in earnest."

This was said with a smile and half approving air.

"It is high time to be in earnest," replied Mrs. Sherman. "Yes, sir, it's high time we women took the whisky business in hand, for you gentlemen, all of you put together, hav'nt spunk enough to shut up those whisky dens, or stop one man's drinking, when you all know, or ought to know, that his family are suffering. Yes, they would have starved long ago, she says, if it had'nt been for Mrs Jennings and a few of us, who have carried them something to keep them alive. Now I am going to take the matters in hand, in a different way.—I'm tired of running up to Kents' to protect his wife from brutal violence, as I have done for the last few months. If I can get Mrs. Jennings and the ladies to help me, I'll go and find employment for Kent, and contrive some plan to make him do it. Poor creature, he's always complaining that he can't get work if a body says a word to him, and any one knows it's only the drunkard's peurile excuse for laziness. But we'll help him a little just for charity's sake; and then if he won't go without, we'll go with him and see him at the bench once. Indeed, I believe the sight would cure weak eyes; and as for those groceries and drinking dens, their whisky selling days are numbered."

'The truth is, Eva,' replied Mr. Sherman, 'we men have done all we could to reform Kent. We have initiated him in the Sons, and tried various ways, but as long as those groceries sell liquor we cannot make any permanent impression upon him. Bah, I am sick of drunkard's promises—no sooner made than broken. If you ladies can do any better than we have, I bid you good speed.'

Thus saying, Mr. Sherman, humming a familliar air, left the house, and Mrs Sherman to her own reflections.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Sherman spent but little time deliberating, ere she consulted Mrs. Jennings; and she, in her turn, some others of her neighbors. A plan of action was soon digested, which will be developed as we trace the history of events. We will only promise that it was pacific in its incipient state, yet fairly desperate in case of emergencies, like the warfare of the renowned Inca's.

Mrs. Sherman was the wife of a young lawyer in T———, who had won his way into a good professional practice, and drawn around him a large circle of friends, who admired him no less for his social qualities than for his legal abilities. Married to the man of her choice, located in a pleasant village, mistress of a pleasant home, and surrounded by friends to whom she had become attached, Mrs. Sherman considered herself, just what the world thought her, a very happy, and a very fortunate woman. But alas, for human happiness! There was, in her case, as in all others, one thing to mar her enjoyments. From her first entree into her village home, until the present time, of the above conversation, she had been constantly annoyed with a knolwedge of the sufferings and privations of a poor family, whose head, (may I be forgiven for saying so,) was a poor miserable indolent, brutal drunkard, who abused, whipped and turned his wife and children out of doors at all hours of the day and night. Sensitive to the sufferings of others, Mrs. Sherman often lay awake of a night while others slept, imagining that the next moment she would hear the shriek of murdered victims issueing from the drunkards home, and then seeing the murdered corse of the wife and children coming in phantoms into her own quiet chamber. The rustling of the trees upon the casement, were so many wild agonized calls for help—and how could she sleep? What if she were the wretched wife of a drunkard.

At such times, or when she had heard of some peculiar feature to the scenes daily transpiring in the house of this miserable family, did her heart bound with renewed gratitude that she had not been so unfortunate as to be that most miserable of miserable things, the wife of a drunkard, situated as this family were, on the street directly back of her own pleasant home, nearly destroyed all her happiness.

A word about Mrs. Kent, the wife of the drunkard. She was bred in Montreal, where her parents still remained. She was tolerably educated—brought up delicately by her parents who were tender of her, even to a fault, and of course but poorly qualified to battle with the hard fortune in reserve for her. She was married at the early age of fifteen, with the reluctant consent of her parents, which reluctant consent her husband resented, and to revenge the same, removed her, to her great, grief, and that of her parents, to the States. Since this, he had roved about from place to place, until he came to T———, four years previous, where he found a whisky selling place, after his own heart. He made rapid downward strides here, and became a brutal husband and father, and a fair exponent of the right to sell the demoniac beverage, alcohol.

Mrs. Kent regarded her neighbor, Mrs. Sherman, with timid reverence, several months ere she gained courage to impart to her the sorrows which, with leaden weight, were crushing her to the silent tomb. Fortune at last opened the way to enlist all her woman sympathies.

One night as Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Jennings, her near neighbor, were returning from a sick neighbor, they heard the shrill shriek of a woman in the vicinity of Kent's miserable abode; and timidly approaching the place, they discovered Mrs Kent sitting at the door, upon a stick of wood, nursing her babe, and weeping such bitter tears of grief and shame, as the drunkard's wife only weeps. The ladies urged the woman to enter her own door, but they were unable to persuade her to, she being evidently afraid of her life, and declaring her determination of sitting where she was, until morning, hoping, at that time, the drunken fit of her husband would pass off. It was with much difficulty that the woman could be persuaded to go home with Mrs. Sherman and remain all night. From this hour all her diffidence vanished when in the presence of Mrs. Sherman; and she often flew to her, or sent to her whenever Kent's conduct became insupportable. By some peculiar mental weakness or remnants of manly feelings, Kent evinced gratitude towards Mr. and Mrs. Sherman for protecting his wife and little children, when the evil spirit in him had driven them forth to suffer out door of a night. There is nothing in nature stranger than the contradictory conduct and character of the drunkard. From this hour, Mrs. Sherman felt that she was called upon by providence to smoothe the thorny way of the drunkard's wife. This night she had been thrust forth at midnight with a babe in her arms, because, as Kent claimed, she kept from him a quarter, and because she claimed that she had no such treasure in her possession.

Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Jennings resolved upon a visit to the drunkard's home that evening. It appears that some one had been good enough to apprise Kent of this; and when they entered his miserable home they found him sitting very demurely in the corner, apparently very penitent for the offence against the dignity of woman, of wife-whipping that day, which had aroused Mrs. Sherman so much. As the ladies entered, he arose and very politely passed the compliments of the evening, and begged they would be seated, at the same time handing one a tree legged stool, and the other a chair without a back; after which, he reseated himself in the corner upon a stick of wood, while Mrs. Kent was preparing a scanty meal for his six children. After exchanging a few words with Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Sherman turned to Kent and said—

'We have called upon you Mr. Kent, to see if we can persuade you to stop drinking ardent spirits, and treat your family better than you have of late.

I am very sorry,' replied Kent, in his most bland manner to put you to so much trouble, I'm very much afraid that you'll get over fatigued.'

'Oh, not at all, sir,' replied Mrs. Sherman.—'There's nothing that promotes my health like visiting my neighbors, especially if I can be of service to them or their families. Will you stop drinking, Mr. Kent, and treat your family better?'

'Do you know, enquired Kent, looking at Mrs. Sherman with the most imperturbable gravity, 'what year King Charles the first, was beheaded?'

'I do not choose to answer if I know,' replied Mrs. Sherman. 'That is not the question before us now.'

'What a pity,' said Kent with a commensurating air, 'that such a fine lady should not have learned that important fact.'

'Come Mr. Kent,' said Mrs. Jennings impatiently, interrupting him; 'we came here to talk about your intemperate habits. Will you consent to stop visiting the groceries, and stop drinking liquor now?'

'Can you tell, Mrs. Jennings,' said Kent, 'how long the long Parliament was in session?'

'No sir,' replied Mrs. Jennings, 'we did not come here to be catechised upon English history.'

'But,' said Kent, with a serio-comico air, 'you are two very nice, energetic women, but it's a great pity you should not have been taught English history while young. Can you tell me how old Mary, queen of Scots was when she was beheaded?'

"I believe she was rising of forty, sir,' replied Mrs. Sherman. 'If that will do, I should like to ask you why you do not go to work, and shall expect you to give as civil a reply as I have.'

'Very well marm,' replied Kent, 'the reason is that I cannot get any thing to do.'

'Then you shall have something to do. Will you work and use your wages in supporting your family if we will find you a situation, and good pay?'

'Certainly, mam,' but you need not put yourselves to that trouble, for you will not succeed.—No man has tried harder than I have to find employment, and I think you'd better not give yourselves any farther trouble upon that head.'

'Oh,' said Mrs. Sherman, penetrating these flimsy subterfuges,' we are not so easily discouraged. Will you work for Bemis, if we get you the situation?

'Oh, yes,' replied Kent, 'to-be-sure I will. Bemis is a fine fellow. I think a great deal of Bemis, but he is a little tight. He never employs but few hands at a time, does every thing on a small scale, and you'll not succeed if you try. I've tried a great many times and could'nt succeed, Indeed I have.'

'We have succeeded already, sir,' said Mrs. Sherman. 'He has engaged to set you to work to-morrow morning, and the only question to be decided is whether you will go.'

'Do you know,' said Kent, 'in what year the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection in the North took place?'

'He landed in Lyme in 1685,' replied Mrs. Sherman. 'Now answer my question or not, just as you choose. But you need not think you can put us off or dishearten us by this trifling. Let me tell you once for all, that this trifling wont answer the purpose. You must stop drinking, and go to work. You have promised this before, but you must fulfill now. There are at least forty women in this village, who stand ready to avenge the insult offered us all, in your whipping your wife today. They are ready to flog you in return, and to duck you in the mill-pond into the bargain. They would have carried out their plan this very day, had it not been for us. We persuaded them to wait until we had given you a fair chance to reform, and review your character as a husband and father. If you quit drinking and go to work now, and treat your family as a man ought to, well and good—but if you do not, I cannot answer for the consequences.'

While this exordium was being pronounced, Kent eyed the resolute lady like one just waking from a trance to the realities of life. When she finished speaking, he stammered out the following disconnected answer:

'I thank—. I'm very much obliged to you for coming to tell me. I always said I would do more to oblige Mrs. Sherman than any lady in town.—I'll go up to Bemis' to-morrow as sure as the sun rises; and I thank you both, I'm sure.'

'No thanks,' replied Mrs. Sherman, 'are needed. Whether we perform it all as faithfully as we have so far, remains to be seen. Can we have your answer whether you will comply with our demands?'

'I'll certainly go mam, and do as you say.'

'Well, we require,' continued Mrs. Sherman, 'that you go to Bemis' in the morning and continue to work there and fetch your wages home to

your family at night, and avoid those whisky dens, as you would pest houses, and come home sober too. But you have made many promises before,' continued she, 'and I do not know whether we can trust you now. I shall, therefore, come here to-morrow morning and accompany you to your employer. I shall be here by the time you get your fire-wood for the day prepared, and you must be ready to start.

'Oh, you need'nt come,' replied Kent; 'I'll go, I'll go. You need'nt come.'

"But I shall come," replied Mrs. Sherman, "and you must be ready to start when I get here."

The two ladies now left, bidding the man and his family good evening, mid a profusion of thanks on his part, and quiet grateful looks upon theirs.—Kent evidently regarding them as his good angels who stood between him and a good flogging and ducking, which he doubtless knew that he richly deserved.

A few of the gentlemen of the village who liked to see the sport go on, found it very convenient to stroll past Kent's place in their morning walk, and under various pretences sought an interview in private with him, and in great confidence revealed to him the intentions of the ladies, and advised him by all means to comply with their requirements. This was received by Kent with many knowing looks and sudden significant nods which purported that he should steal the march of his feminine keepers by taking a better course in future.

The next morning, agreeable to promise, Mrs. Sherman presented herself at the door of Kent, and found him preparing wood for the family use. She waited a few moments for him, and when she saw him ready she declared herself ready to accompany him. Their way lay through one of the principle streets, and had Mrs. Sherman wavered in her purpose, many encouraging looks from smiling friends encountared on the way would have reasured her. When she found Kent at the bench and having given some trifling order for work, she departed, having assured him that she should call at his house that evening and expected to find matters improved there. She fulfilled this promise, and found him home and all his family ready to partake of a wholesome and plentiful meal.—She soon retired, leaving them to the enjoyment of this unusual event, promising to call the next morning to accompany him to his work.

'Oh you need not,' said Kent, 'I'll certainly go and not trouble you.' But Mrs. Sherman told him that a morning walk would benefit her health, and that she should certainly come. She did so and found that Kent had already gone to work, and after satisfying herself that this was so, she returned home much encouraged, for this was the first time to her knowledge, for many months, that he had worked two days in succession. This state of things lasted two weeks, under the vigilant eye of the ladies, during which time his home improved in appearance, the children were prepared for, and commenced going to school, and Mrs. Kent looked in better health and improved in spirits.

At the expiration, a change came over the hopeful scene. Kent returned one night, minus his wages and beastly intoxicated, and as it would seem, determined to make amends for his lax discipline of late, he had not been in the house over fifteen minutes, ere the little children fled in fright from the house, and loud shrieks raised the neighbors. Mrs. Kent at last ran out of the back door, and in endeavouring to get over a fence, it gave way, and she fell and injured her arm so as to entirely disable her from doing the work of the family, and lifting and nursing the smallest child. This occurred while Mrs. Sherman and several other ladies were approaching.

The measure of feminine indignation was now fairly full to overflowing. But they deemed that the Whisky den, were the true cause of this failure. A meeting was called. A vigilance committee chosen and sent out to solicit the venders of rum to sign a pledge of renouncing their unholy calling. This was to be done while the ladies waited in the second Presbyterian Church. But one yielded to the mild request of the ladies, and the committee reported accordingly. About forty ladies were soon seen walking two and two towards whiskey den No. 1. This place they entered without opposition, and now come a smashing of decanters, glasses &c., and a staving in of liquor barrels, until the premises were cleared of the hateful stuff. The next door, No. 2, they found locked against them, and some were for breaking the lock. 'Break no locks,' said a friendly voice from the crowd which had gathered around.—'Break no locks.' Some other expedient way was devised, and the place was entered and found the same fate as No. 1. At the next place the keeper was determined to dispute possession, with gun in hand. The women quailed a moment. A voice said, never fear a gun until it is fired. At this, several women rushed towards the gun, while one stepped behind the coward and seized his arms, while those in front wrenched the gun from his hold and sent it out of the door. Now a great cheering was heard, and three times three for the women of T——, made the red noses look rather crest fallen. Thus they persevered until every den of liquor was cleared of the hateful stuff.

'Now,' several observed in the same breath, 'our work is done, let us go home.'

'No not yet,' said a firm musical voice, 'not yet, follow me,' said Mrs. Brompton, 'follow me.'

This lady had been noted for her cool, quiet demenor through the whole proceeding. 'Follow me,' and she led the way to a gambling saloon. When there she took from beneath her shawl a hatchet, and with it hewed a passage to the inner temple, alone with her hatchet she split chairs, tables, boxes, lounges and all its furniture in pieces, while the other ladies threw the broken fragments into the street. For she had told the other ladies that she prefered taking the whole responsibility of that last job. 'Now, said she 'our work is done we will return home.'

It was pretty well known that Esquire Brompton spent more time and money in this place, than with and for his family, and it was confidently whispered from reliable sources that very often after being out late at night he felt very poor, and asked his wife in no gentle terms, how she had spent the last five dollars she asked for to clothe the children (six in number,) with, and now she had asked for more. And that at such times he complained of his coffee, altho' it was clear as nectar and as odorous as the best scorched Java.

It so happened that Esquire Brompton was absent in a neighboring city, at the time that these scenes were transpiring in his native place. The next day as he was returning home, he met a neighbor on the way, who related the occurrences above, with great valubility. 'And what is more strange than all the rest,' said the loquacious informer, 'is that your little quiet wife took the lead, yes sir, the whole responsibility of riddling that gambling saloon, and destroying all its fixtures.

'The gambling saloon, repeated Esquire Brompton in amazement. 'My wife, my wife,' added he as though he were just waking from a dream.—Then he bent his eyes upon the floor and paced the room of the country tavern, with deep thought depicted in his countenance. And, altho' the man ran on with one scene and another connected with destroying the liquor, it was evident that Esquire Brompton heard not, but was absorbed with one idea, and that was, his wife riddling the gambling saloon. At last he raised his eyes to the man who stood before him, talking loud and making gestures, and interrupted him in the middle of a sentence he said, taking up the story at the gambling saloon, 'Those are fine women, aint they tho'?'

Thus the rum traffic, the gambling and the wife-whipping were discontinned in T——, to the great rejoicing of the many, whose happiness had been destroyed thereby, and the peace and quiet of the orderly and peace-loving inhabitants was restored. A sort of prosecution was attempted, but was dismissed on account of a flaw in the indictment, a very common occurrence, and whisky and rum influence saw themselves ever after in an ignominous minority.

It is confidently whispered, by the near friends of Mr. and Mrs. Brompton, that they have never yet exchanged a word with each other about the demolishing of the gambling Saloon. And from the same creditable source comes the cheering news that Esquire Brompton spends his evenings at home—likes his coffee, and never asks his wife how she spent the last five dollar note.

For The Lily.

The Recovered Note.

BY LAURA A. MACK.

At the close of an evening's service a hymn was given out to be sung by the choir, they commenced singing, but somehow a note seemed to be lost yet the tune was familiar to them; but try as best they could there was something wanting—the *full* harmony was not there; this embarrassment to both the ladies and gentlemen of the choir became apparent, and the audience listened breathlessly, every moment expecting a failure, or in other words a general break down, when at this instant a *lady* smiling sweetly, added at the same time her voice; *she* recovered the lost note, and immediately *all* voices were blended in one united and beautiful harmony. Thus it is, methought, in social and business life; much that is now discordant, wrong and repulsive, might be exchanged for harmony, attraction and use, if the FEMININE principle was in a less passive, and more active state; hitherto the activities of life, as connected with the love nature, have been confined between custom and necessity; custom has made arbitrary rules, and necessity, or the fear of *loss* has *enforced* their obedience. The useful activities of life, however, should be circumscribed by *no rules* which do not tend to the general good. Could woman have greater depths of *thought* training, could her educational privileges become more *free*, more substantially solid and practical, could there be wider avenues for her business activities, and *for* better *remunerations*, given for her domestic and educational services, there would by this means be secured to her the rewards of well directed efforts for the general good. Such inducements should CERTAINLY be held out to her, for in truth it is VERY poor policy to starve the cook, that better appearances may be kept up in the parlor; to beggar the seamstress, and teacher by poor pay, and then expect our clothing to be kept in repair, or education to flourish. Woman has most truly been kept in the back-ground, (through custom,) as it regards her true interests, her wants have in a measure been unprovided for by legislative enactments, her individual services, however *useful*, have seldom met with adequate compensations, her social capacities restrained and narrowed down to the smallest possible compass, and her affectional nature torn and lacerated, and insulted in the most cruel manner. But could her early training become such as would lead to a self reliance, a noble and womanlike dignity, instead of a crouching dependency, she would, as a consequence, become a much greater inspirer of virtue, and true honor in the other sex; or in other words, had woman greater facilities for becoming useful, learned, intellectual, and morally beautiful, MAN through *her* influence would receive far greater inspirations, for the pure, the beautiful and good, the refined and noble. But woman must herself, in a measure, by individual and collective efforts, work out her own social and intellectual elevation; the feminine principle, (the affectional nature,) which is her instinctive life, should be trained to be exercised upon far higher and nobler objects; for instance, the libertine, the gambler and the drunkard, should never claim the heart affections, in a love sympathy, with *any* woman who would be true to her highest and purest interests, for the plain reason that they are incapable of giving any true affection in return. She may influence, persuade, and reform SUCH, but never until their very natures *are* CHANGED, should she indulge the feeblest wish for their acceptance as life companions. The subject of woman's elevation is now claiming much attention, the public mind will, ere long, become enlightened upon her proper claims to social, remunerative, intellectual, and legislative privileges; and if *right* efforts are put forth, and *just* measures taken, the LOST note, in the world's GREAT social choir, will be recovered, and through it's *recovery*, virtue will be better guarded, and loved, mental acquirements become more general and ennobled, the various industrial occupations become much more honorable and remunerative; happiness be more diffusive and vice less prevalent, in fine a beautiful harmony will prevade more generally, all the varied pursuits of life, there will be less selfishness, less misery and more *pure* joy, and all because the *lost note*, the love principle, is recovered and appreciated.